

THE REMINISCENCES OF CARL SCHURZ

found that midnight was long behind us. I rose in alarm and begged the Chancellor's pardon for having intruded so long upon his time. "Oh," said the Chancellor, "I am used to late hours, and we have not talked yet about America. However, you have a right to be tired. But you must come again. You must dine with me. Can you do so to-morrow? I have invited a commission on the Penal Code—mostly dull old jurists, I suppose, but I may find some one among them fit to be your neighbor at the table and to entertain you." I gladly accepted the invitation and found myself the next evening in a large company of serious and learned-looking gentlemen, each one of whom was adorned with one or more decorations. I was the only person in the room who had none, and several of the guests seemed to eye me with some curiosity, when Bismarck in a loud voice presented me to the Countess as "General Carl Schurz from the United States of America." Some of the gentlemen looked somewhat surprised, but I at once became a person of interest and many introductions followed. At the table I had a judge from Cologne for my neighbor who had enough of the Rhenish temperament to be cheerful company. The dinner was a very rapid affair—lasting hardly three-quarters of an hour—certainly not more. My judge from Cologne confidentially remarked to me that his appetite out-lived the feast. Coffee and cigars were served in a rather plain

looking salon. The guests divided into groups among which the Chancellor went to and fro amusing them with humorous remarks. But before the smokers could have got half through with their cigars, the Minister of Justice, who seemed to act as mentor and guide to the gentlemen of the Penal Code Commission, took leave of the host, which was taken by the whole company as a signal to depart. I followed their example, but the Chancellor said: " Wait a moment. Why should you stand